So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Quee. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wiſedome hatcht:
Hath Wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Roſa. The blood of youth burnes not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolrie in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Quee. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am ſtable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Quee. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace Loue doth approch, diſguyſd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be ſurpriſd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Quee. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamone,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoſed reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might beholde addreſt,
The King and his companions warely,
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you ſhall ouer heare:
That by and by diſguyſd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by hart hath conn'd his embaſſage
Action and accent did they teach him there,.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:

For

For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue feard her had ſhee been a deuill.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bolde wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeach was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his fynger and his thume,
Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil come,
The thirde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profund,
That in this ſpleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follie paſhions ſolembe teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and daunce,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'le know
By Fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Quee. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhalbe taſkt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maſkt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Holde *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Holde take thou this my ſweete, and giue mee thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change you Fauours two, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrarie, deceyued by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the Fauours moſt in ſighte.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Quee. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent,

 The